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Copyright No.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

ZILIA:

"

A Poem,

IN THREE CANTOS.

222



NEW-YORK:
G. & C. & H. CARVILL.
MDCCCXXX.

PS991
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Southern District of New-York, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the tenth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty, and in the fifty-fifth year of the American Independence, G. & C. & H. Carvill, of said District, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors in the words following, to wit:

“Zilia: a Poem, in three Cantos.”

In conformity to the Act of Congress of the United States of America, entitled “An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;” and also, of an Act, entitled, “An Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

Att.

FREDERICK J. BETTS,
Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

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ZILIA.

Errori, sogni, ed immagini smorte
'Eran d'intorno all 'arco trionfale;
E false opinioni in su le porte.
E lúbrico sperár su per le scale;
E dannoso guadagno, ed útil danno;
E gradi ove più scende chi piú sale;
Stanco riposo, e riposato affanno:
Chiara disnór e gloria oscura e nigra:
Perfida lêaltàe, e fide inganno:
Sollécito furor, e ragion pigra.
PETRACA: *Trionfo d' Amore.*

ERRATA.

Page 16 line 6th from the bottom, for *courage*, read *carnage*.

Same page line 15th from the bottom, for *a* read *or*.

Page 19, line 3d from the top, for *seen* read *seem*.

Z I L I A.

CANTO I.

I.

SWIFT o'er the Tyrrhene deep with graceful ease,
Bounding the conscious mistress of the seas,
A light xebecque the joyous Zephyr courts,
Her sylph like form in his embraces sports,
And wins her way upon the dark blue wave,
As if its terrors 'twere delight to brave!
Oh, who hath been upon the waters wide,
Riding triumphant o'er their restless tide,
And fancied not it were a thing of life,
That dared thus sport with all their fearful strife—
Thus toy, as on its wave-quelled course it springs,
With mountain surges as familiar things!

II.

“Land—land!” is now the cheerful cry on deck—
The tidings swiftly fly through the xebecque—
The coast is sought, where spreads a lovely bay,
Where waves are still, and vessels listless lay—
There lies the bark on her loved element,
Which e'en but now such fury thro' her sent,
Calm as the moon rides through the tranquil sky,
When raging storms have passed her brightness by;
Her canvass loose—scarce trembling in the tide,

Where mirrored sleeps in state her graceful pride !
The sun begins his fiery disk to lave,
Tinging with gold the light blue western wave,
And, as he sinks to rest, reflecting back,
E'en to the bark, a gorgeous golden track,
As if to lure along a path so bright,
A thing so gallant to adorn his flight !
As o'er his merging form the last waves close,
His rays in silent loveliness repose
Upon a distant cloister's turret grey,
That beetling on a cliff, o'erlooks the bay.
'Tis there secluded, youth and beauty dwell,
That like himself, have bid the world farewell :
Yet who can tell how many bright eyes weep,
Beneath where those last beams so calmly sleep—
How many hearts are wrung with untold woes,
Within a scene of such sunbright repose—
How many thoughts are to the world sent back
As that light lingers in its earthly track !
O, ye know not, ye busy, thoughtless throng,
What bitterness of soul to those belong,
Whose early bloom to a rude cell betrayed,
Droops like the flower that withers in its shade—
Or who by guilt in their dark bosoms stung,
Have here their locks to memory's bleaching flung—
Or who to man bequeathing scorn and hate,
Have here the blessing to be desolate—
Or who, pierced by grief's dart, like stricken deer,
Have sought the covert of their sorrow here !
Yet ye can little boast—the world ye love,
Is but a cloister with more room to move—
All robed in smiles appearing to the eyes,
Bright as that convent in the sunlight lies,
While misery riots on the heart within—
The banquet spread by passion and by sin !

III.

Along the deck the corsair Chieftain strides,
A hand his buried face low bending hides—

All heedless of the voice that sought his hest,
The look of wonder or the half spoke jest;
Or, if too far urged, an impatient wave
Of hand, was all the answer that he gave.
And Bernadin's was not a brow, I ween,
Whose darkening frown was to be lightly seen.
Nor his an humour when enwrapped in gloom,
Enquiry brooked or gave intrusion room.
O'er the dark features, sunburnt, stern, below,
His forehead rose as white as driven snow;
Passion had scathed that face with fiery blast,
And memory stamped deep traces of the past—
His look—mien—port—would strike the passer by,
As if his fate were fraught with mystery,
And leave upon the soul an awe—a fear,
As if a master spirit towered there!
And yet a mildness would sometimes steal o'er,
That spoke of what he might have been before,
And might be still, if he could *quite forget*,
Or hope in brighter hues the future set.
Stern as he was, and cruel to his foes,
His bosom melted at a comrade's woes;
And he who with fierce joy to battle sprang,
Would weep to witness e'en an insect's pang!
Of such strange structure is the human soul,
Where each conflicting impulse holds control;
By turns each whelming, in its mad career,
All others drawn within its headlong sphere.
The conqueror thus with triumph in his eye,
Can drive his car where prostrate thousands die,
Yet when the fervor of the fight is o'er,
And the high master passion rules no more,
If but one suffering groan assail his ear,
His eye of triumph melts into a tear—
The thirst of glory and the battle's din
Crush not the generous sympathies within!

IV.

Long paced he there in sullen, thoughtful mood—
At length upon the deck he musing stood,

With eye fixed on that convent's walls intent,
As if his soul was with his vision sent.
His gaze was long—intense—when starting round,
His comrade Giaffir by his side he found.
“ Giaffir! thou’rt in good time—my purpose went
“ To send for thee—thy coming will prevent.
“ Nay—’tis a story for no idle ear—
“ Slaves! to your tasks—be there no loiterers here!

V.

“ Giaffir, your hand! We have together shared
“ The peril, when with man or wave we warred;
“ We’ve found upon the deep o’er which we roam,
“ Our own vast empire and one common home.
“ Whatever might betide—or joy or grief—
“ And both alike were mutable and brief—
“ Whether we reined the foaming surge’s might,
“ Or mingled in the rapture of the fight,
“ The spirit stirring thrill from soul to soul,
“ Has held one spell—the same intense control!
“ And amid all, I ween, we envied not
“ The poor sluggish landsman’s thrilless lot,
“ Doomed or in court or cot to be the slave
“ Of one dull listless round e’en to the grave;
“ With heirs perchance to cause or wish his death,
“ And churchyard’s hastened sod to catch his breath!
“ Enough of this—I called thee as a friend,
“ To a sad thrilling tale thine ear to lend.

VI.

“ If fame speak true, though oft she idly prate,
“ There’s some resemblance in our stormy fate;
“ A tale of some fair maid and ill-starred flame—
“ Nay start not thus—I know no place—no name—
“ Hath left a sting in thy proud heart, whose trace
“ Seared deep, drives thee to hate and curse thy race.
“ In this at least, we meet—and we have proved,
“ Man had fared better had we better loved.
“ Our stirring life has made communion brief,
“ Nor would I now perplex thee with my grief,

"But that I need thy friendly, daring hand,
 "To aid me in a purpose I have planned.
 "Perhaps thou'st been in Venice, and hast known
 "Or heard there of a race of some renown—
 "Toraldi—Ha! thou start'st—thou know'st him then?
 "Well—thou'rt apprized there have been better men;
 "Yet nature deigned a sire so stern to bless,
 "With a sweet daughter, all—all gentleness—
 "Zilia—thou turnest pale! what, know'st thou her?"
 "A mere passing glance—she used to bear
 "Some slight resemblance to a friend—that's all."
 "I did not mean *thy* memory back to call
 "To ought that's past—my own, God knows, is fraught
 "With a sufficient weary load of thought.

VII.

"We met and loved, although Toraldi's hest
 "Had bid her love to be no Guelph's at least;
 "Yet such was I—so vain 'twill ever be,
 "To curb the spirit's strong affinity;
 "To force the current of the purest tide
 "Of all, that, swelling, human breasts divide;
 "To tear the vine e'en from a worthless thing,
 "When once its tendrils there begin to cling;
 "To move the will, if one fond memory wind
 "Its silken cord around the captive mind;
 "To turn the lip from love's enchanted cup,
 "Though sorrow fill the bitter chalice up;
 "To change one feeling's strong magnetic sway,
 "That, through the untried terrors of its way,
 "True to its pole-star, with instinctive force,
 "Guides and impels the heart's wild wayward course!
 "For her sweet sake, my haughty spirit bent
 "To sue for her relentless sire's assent—
 "And be denied!—with contumely too—
 "With insult—which he yet perchance may rue!
 "She loved—and in that single word is breathed
 "Woman's whole soul—a sword of fire is sheathed!
 "Centered is there all grief, all happiness—

“ And if the first she scarce would wish it less—
“ All she can think, dare, feel, with power intense,
“ Whose highest charm is still its innocence!

VIII.

“ Seldom we met; but on that festal night,
“ When of fair Venice all the brave and bright,
“ Were gathered at the youthful Doge’s side,
“ To grace the nuptials of his Ocean bride,
“ ’Mong Guelphs and Ghibelines assembled there,
“ My Zilia shone the fairest of the fair.
“ I leaned against a pillar ’mid the crowd,
“ To mark the hate that joins the revel loud,
“ And smiles, and yet is deadlier far in aim,
“ Than goads to battle’s shock in fields of fame!
“ Oft the warm grasp at festal board conceals
“ More bitterness, than war’s death-hug reveals—
“ Oft fiercest hate lurks round the curling lip
“ Of those that kindly of one goblet sip!

IX.

“ The dance goes on, and to the merry swell
“ Of music, that on ears of rapture fell,
“ Soft heaving breasts as gently sunk and rose,
“ As swelling waves just rousing from repose:
“ And throbs of hearts that beat so joyously,
“ Outstrip the measure in their ecstasy!
“ But hark! a sudden peal rings through the hall
“ With sounds, that e’en the stoutest heart appal,
“ Call forth the swords of chivalry, and chase
“ The colour from bright beauty’s lips apace!
“ ’Twas the dread signal that the foe drew near,
“ Though deemed a friend by half assembled there.
“ It roused the passions’ elements, whose sleep
“ Was false and fickle as reigns o’er the deep,
“ Which like a mirror now reflects the sky,
“ All calm and tranquil, with its own deep dye,
“ But where conflicting whirlwinds soon may urge
“ From its dark seat the hollow sounding surge,

“The foam crowned waves to heaven suspended lash
“A moment, then to fierce contention dash!
“A moment in mute awe the nobles stood,
“Whelmed by the tumult of their passions’ flood;
“But smothering ire, they past each other went,
“In the hot crowd, each on his purpose bent,
“Darting the glance, whose withering flash betrays
“The hate, that wraps the whole breast in its blaze—
“That like a maelstrom, every feeling draws
“Within the absorbing vortex of its jaws,
“Till e’en ambition, glory, love and fame,
“Sink in its whirl—its mastery proclaim!

X.

“A sign, a whisper in a willing ear,
“’Midst the confusion, drew my Zilia near.
“A few burning words my purpose told;
“Hers, though she shrunk reluctant, were not cold;
“I drew her through the crowd with trembling haste,
“Her sinking form upon my steed I placed,
“And dashed ’mong chariots o’er the stony street,
“The pavement ringing to my courser’s feet!
“And as we hurried through the rushing throng,
“Borne like an overwhelming wave along,
“Her white arms clung convulsive round my waist,
“Her hair flowed loosely to the nightly blast,
“Her eyes in terror closed against the light,
“The sabres cast upon the lurid night.
“The city’s din was past—my noble steed,
“On whose black sides the foam gave proof of speed,
“Had borne us near to my paternal hall,
“Where safety waited ’neath the guarded wall.
“A distant startling sound caused me to rein
“My steed to listen—’twas the heaving main,
“Whose sullen plashing on the rocky shore,
“The hoarse chill night wind to my quick ear bore.
“Again my horse leaped o’er the rugged way,
“And mounted cliffs, whose huge black masses lay
“Piled on the shore and lashed by mountain surge,

“ Which there eternal may vain vengeance urge !
“ Sad moaning sounds sigh o’er the rushing deep,
“ And through the dark o’erburdened heavens sweep;
“ The night clouds, darkening, mingling, slowly roll
“ Their gloomy pall o’er heaven from pole to pole,
“ And sinks o’erwhelmed star after star apace,
“ In the dark rushing giant storm’s embrace !
“ Is it a lightning flash with startling ray,
“ Cast o’er the lowering rocks a sudden day ?
“ Is it a thunder peal, whose distant sound
“ Deeply from cliff to cliff is heard to bound ?
“ I was not long deceived—the flaring brand
“ Flourished aloft in each pursuer’s hand,
“ And hoofs of horsemen clanging on the hill,
“ Proclaimed of all I most had feared the ill—
“ Vengeance before me raised her sword of blood,
“ While round the abyss of waters heaved their flood !
“ My hope—my life was now on my good sword—
“ To cut my way through fierce Toraldi’s horde.
“ The foremost torch I dashed upon the sand,
“ Grasped blazing in a trunkless bleeding hand;
“ The next I pressed to the impending verge,
“ And plunged back horse and rider in the surge;
“ His torch flared on him with a hellish light,
“ As o’er him closed the waves’ eternal night !
“ But the foe thickened and my good steed fell,
“ Nor could I more the rapid thrusts repel:
“ A sabre’s blow upon my forehead dealt,
“ Was all that I thenceforth or knew or felt.

XI.

“ When sense returned, the sun was risen and bright,
“ And new shed blood was reeking in his light.
“ My horse lay stiff and lifeless at my side—
“ Around the rocks and waste of waters wide !
“ All desolate—but desolation’s deepest sense
“ Came o’er me with its sickening power intense,
“ When my quick glance no trace of Zilia found—
“ My wretched cries met none but echo’s sound !

“Maddened with rage, of every hope bereft,
“What charms beside to me in life were left?
“What refuge but companionship with those,
“O’er whom but late I’d seen the billows close?
“Yes! there’s one charm can ever sweeten still
“The cup of life, when bitterest drugged with ill—
“One joy, amid the feelings’ waste at best,
“Spreads its oasis on the desert breast—
“Revenge!—Its sweets as free I’ve tasted, too,
“As poisonous plants drink up the morning dew,
“Till wrongs begin to pall upon my sense,
“And almost make me wish for innocence!
“Like Ishmael from the race I’ve sought the fill
“Of vengeance due to one man’s injuries still!

XII.

“Perchance e’en wrongs like these I might have borne,
“Nor further vowed revenge or harbored scorn,
“But that the injustice of my country came
“Upon me, like the Siroc’s breath of flame
“Upon the already parched and withered earth,
“Which scarce can give the meanest flower its birth!
“I fled—I need not tell thee where nor why;
“Since then thou’st known my wayward destiny.
“Rumour hath lately tidings to me brought,
“Have changed somewhat the current of my thought.
“Zilia, I knew, was by Toraldi’s power,
“Borne to a convent, ceaseless there to shower
“Her tears upon her cell’s cold marble floor,
“Which, than her father’s heart had melted more.
“Thou seest yon pile where the last sunbeam sleeps?
“’Tis there, my tidings bear, my Zilia weeps!
“Now thou may’st guess my purpose here and why
“I’ve burdened thee with this sad mystery.
“This very night her form shall bless my sight!
“She’s wont to walk beneath the moon’s pale light,
“On such an eve as this, along the court—
“So do the tidings that I have import.
“If love hath eloquence, I will persuade

" Her soon to leave that convent's hateful shade--
 " Or, if constrained, one glance of a bright blade
 " Dispels all force that can be there arrayed.
 " Thou understand'st me, Giaffir--I depend
 " On such assistance as thine arm can lend,
 " But most, thy sway o'er the rough minds we lead
 " If e'er a woman's presence here should need."

XIII.

The pledge was past--but who scanned Giaffir's look,
 Might see his heart far different purpose took,
 Might mark upon his brow a cloud that grew
 Still darker as the corsair Chief withdrew.
 " Ha! 'tis explained why Zilia to my love
 " Did, in her pride of charms, so scornful prove!
 " Who has her love must also have my hate,
 " Breathed from my bosom sear and desolate,
 " As fatal as the burning Siroc's wing
 " From plains of pestilence and death can bring!
 " Let me reflect--ha!--this my purpose be,--
 " To sow the fruitful seeds of mutiny:
 " That thus from winds I'll cast upon the deep,
 " The fearful whirlwind harvest he may reap!
 " These stern unyielding souls will scarcely brook
 " On such soft foibles in their chief to look:
 " To see the man whom their proud minds obey,
 " Yield up his own to feeble woman's sway:
 " From peril shrink to calm her idle fears,
 " The conflict leave to dry her childish tears;
 " Tremble, when danger calls for firmest arm,
 " And dread worse evils than his comrades' harm,
 " And elsewhere find, or good or ill betide,
 " Than in his vessel, his chief joy and pride!
 " Many have treasured up, too, some ill blood,
 " For insults of his sullen, haughty mood:
 " Others, from innate love of change, desire
 " Another leader to renew their fire:
 " Others demand one who will less restrain
 " The insatiate lust of butchery and gain:

“’Mong all, a formidable band may be,
“By slight persuasion, driven to mutiny.
“Then to my happier star and vengeful vow,
“His haughty spirit shall be forced to bow!
“I’ll gain the prize that he now counts his own,
“And seize the treasure that would not be won!
“Her presence here, my followers can endure,
“At least as long as she can mine, I’m sure!”

XIV.

Few words were wanting their rough minds to inflame,
Sustained by Giaffir’s eloquence and name.
By signs and nods mysterious was conveyed
Far more than was by mouth directly said.
With busy whisper and with anxious mien,
In frequent groups the gathering crew were seen,
Watching, with voice suppressed and eye askance,
A doubted comrade’s or their chief’s advance,
But little recked he of their secret plot,
Or cared he little or suspected not:
For, wrapped in gloom with folded arms he strode
Along the deck with brow and mien that bode
Deep agitation, purpose unresolved,
Feelings and thoughts not easy to be solved.
As once where Giaffir held discourse, he passed,
From his keen eye a fiery flash he cast,
That either some suspicious look or word,
Less closely guarded, he or marked or heard,
Or that he liked not Giaffir thus should be
Just now so lavish of his courtesy.
But his stern features soon again resume,
The air abstracted and the look of gloom.

XV.

Galling as were the chains of discipline,
Aggrieved, insulted as some felt they’d been,
Yet many hesitated still to change
The ills they felt for those in chance’s range:
To cast the yoke that habit made more light,

For one whose weight might still more pain excite;
To scorn at once the voice whose least command
Could sway each movement and direct each hand,
Decree or life or death to each—to all—
Nor meet one murmur, nor one heart appal.
When once superior mind has gained its sway,
And claims the tribute all are fain to pay,
Of the rough chain of slavery every link,
Seems in the flesh a deep worn bed to sink,
And make each struggle of the wearer serve
To fix it closer and gall more the nerve:
Or if one strong convulsive effort rive,
The lacerated wounds to madness drive!
But they nor wished nor sought to burst their chains—
They asked another hand to inflict their pains—
They asked for change of masters not of sway,
Nor Giaffir less than Bernadin to obey;
The transfer was to one as much above
The humble sphere where they were doomed to move,
Almost as Bernadin himself—and hence
The change proposed was viewed with less offence;
Envy was silenced by acknowledged claim,
And license awed by Giaffir's very name.
'Tis thus the power alone a master mind
At first can gain a hold o'er human kind,
When slavery once has trained them in her schools,
Becomes the prize of knaves or toy of fools.
Nations that barter freedom for the blaze
Of glory, soon, at least, unshocked will gaze
On crime or folly in a chief, that pleads
Nought that redeems in genius or in deeds.
Thus Giaffir's sceptre was endured—preferred--
For many of his proud descent had heard,
And all his quenchless love of courage knew,
And thought his daring actions matched by few,
Though none could say that his achievements vied
With those that Bernadin made his just pride.
They knelt because they'd been long used to kneel
And knelt to him because he less could feel--

Less soften at the woe they loved to inflict,
And lay on thirst of blood restraint less strict—
Because his heart less yielded to the flood,
Of kindness that might visit its mild mood—
And would disdain that luxury denied
To the wild wanderers of the stormy tide
Sweet woman's smile—fit only for the bowers,
Where peace and virtue spend their summer hours!

END OF CANTO I.

Z I L I A .

CANTO II.

I.

Oh Italy! thou land where brightest hues
Gild sunset skies and glow in morning dews;
Where flowers the fairest ever seen to bloom,
Of the world's empire to adorn the tomb;
Where the moon sheds her mellowest beams like those
That o'er thy heroes' memory repose;
Where blandest breezes on elastic wing,
Gladness and vigor to the bosom bring;
Where hang at once, within thy sunny bowers,
On citron trees, the fruitage and the flowers;
Where hearts are ardent as the suns they feel,
And buoyant as the gales that o'er them steal;
Where maiden's love as close, as sweet will twine,
As cling the tendrils of their native vine;
Where the deep lustre of soft Beauty's eye
Transcends the brightness of its own clear sky;
Where love, the sweet usurper, builds his throne
In hearts, that Fame could once call all his own,
Rendering his worship business of a life,
Where once twas given to war's continual strife!
Loveliest of lands! thou mistress of the soul,
As once of nations, how thy strong control
Governs the world, as once by arts and arms,

Now by the spell of clime and memory's charms!
And yet how fallen thou art! Thy lofty mind,
That with an eagle's flight ranged unconfined,
Piercing upon free wing the realms of day,
To pounce more sure upon thy destined prey,
Shakes in its dotage o'er a bigot's beads,
Its shouts of victory changed to muttering creeds!
Past is the vision of thy bright career,
And its few traces are fast fading here.
Mind ye yon tottering broken dome, that pass,
And touch it not, or else its falling mass
May crush beneath his own dank narrow cell,
Some crouching slave, who there has fled to dwell!
Those steps, that lead to yonder crumbling fane,
Mount light, lest by their ruins ye be slain!
With awe, tread on that foul and shapeless heap,
For in its dust there is an empire's sleep,
A nation's ashes—where a spirit dwelt,
To which the world in its deep homage knelt!
Which in its earlier spring, its happier hours,
Exerted once those high and plastic powers,
Whose proud creations Time's flood aye will urge,
Lashed like the foam eternal from its surge!

II.

Screened by a white veil reaching to her feet,
Its thin web fitting to her form complete
In every breeze, and trembling in the light,
The moon-beam o'er it cast as mild and bright,
As o'er the fleecy cloud that gently rolled,
Across the moon, its silver tinted fold,
Along the convent court a youthful nun
Her way with slow and trembling footsteps won.
A female form, more stately, at her side,
Might seem the abbess—her young spirit's guide.
Earnest though low their converse, as they urge
Their course towards the overhanging verge,
From whose proud height the lashed waves hollow ring,
Scarce louder than their own low whispering!

III.

" Abbess! I scorn the vain attempt to hide
 " The deep seared griefs that in my breast reside,
 " Nor do, or can I e'er deny that he,
 " Whose hapless passion rules my destiny
 " From whom my grief and joy alike have flowed,
 " Disputes possession of my heart with God!
 " Yet if to mortals it were ever given,
 " Aught to abstract from worship due to heaven,
 " 'Twere venial sin his image to adore,
 " Which to Heaven's forms such bright resemblance bore.
 " Oh hadst thou seen him as I first beheld,
 " When life's flushed current in his young veins swelled;
 " Hadst felt the joyous burstings of his mirth,
 " Strike on your heart-strings music not of earth;
 " Hadst seen the beaming of his sunny smile
 " Play round his lip with every winning wile;
 " Hadst marked the flashing of his glancing wit,
 " From point to point, like rising sunbeams flit;
 " Hadst heard him, ravished through each thrilling sense,
 " Pour out his passion's burning eloquence;
 " And felt the deep, intoxicating bliss,
 " To meet his fervent, ever-lingering kiss—
 " Where wander I! Oh, couldst thou ever know,
 " The feelings that within this bosom glow,
 " Thou would'st forgive me for the pain they've cost,
 " And pity, for the rapture I have lost!

IV.

" 'Midst every prayer before my shrinking eyes,
 " The horrors of that fearful night arise,
 " And from my ravished arms is torn again
 " The phantom of my loved, lost Bernadin!
 " My streaming eyes and outstretched hands implore
 " Not for Heaven's mercy, but my father's more!
 " Before the altar when I raise my eyes,
 " Where sacred forms upon the canvass rise,
 " Where present Deity should awe inspire,
 " And the meek cross restrain each wild desire,

“With thought abstracted, I unconscious stare,
“Or see alone his dearer image there!
“Or when to pious meditation given,
“Each wish, each thought should be absorbed by Heaven,
“Dwelling alone on bliss the saints await,
“Who shut their hearts to all this present state,
“My wandering soul, like wild bird on the wing,
“Will, to the world, with eager burnings spring,
“In fancy riot madly on the joy,
“A father’s causeless hatred could destroy:
“Picture the scenes of innocent delight,
“That bless love’s bower of bloom and purple light,
“And paint in glowing hues a mother’s lot,
“In her young offspring happy if forgot,
“Blessing and blessed alike on every side,
“In the wife’s fondness and the mother’s pride!
“Ah! why is nature thus compelled to bow
“Her loveliest graces to the convent’s vow?
“Why does Religion ask the heart to yield
“The only flowers that deck its barren field?
“To check the gushing of the pure bright tide,
“That is at once its life-spring and its pride!
“Call it a weakness—this absorbing love—
“Despised on earth, nor smiled on from above:
“Yet call it not a sin—for in its dye,
“There’s some bright tints imparted from the sky—
“Some hues like those in dew drops on the flower,
“That seem of Heaven’s own purifying power—
“Or those in the bright bow of promise given,
“To smile away the indignant wrath of Heaven!
“Why springs it else with a more strong control,
“In woman’s gentler, purer, nobler soul:
“Sweetening each care, enduring through each wrong,
“That to her feeble, humbler state belong:
“Unswayed by passion and unbought by gold:
“Its throbs oft silent, and its tale untold:
“In her warm breast becoming more intense,
“Even though absence chill the fire of sense;
“Cherished within her bosom’s inmost core,

" Its chief delight and its most treasured store :
 " Which, if its objects swerve from virtue's track,
 " Seeks but by fond persuasion to win back ;
 " Cheers through all sadness, through each trial shines,
 " Shrinks at no peril, at no lot repines ;
 " Submits with meekness to each wrong—each slight,
 " Man may inflict in his ungenerous might,
 " Nor quenches its pure flame within her heart,
 " Until distrust fix there his cruel dart !
 " Yes, love, thou art the sole pure tranquil spot,
 " In life's tossed ocean, where the surge is not ;
 " Where the clear depths reflect all bright from Heaven
 " The light, the glory there so richly given ;
 " And e'en the passing cloud in frowns arrayed,
 " Adds a new beauty where it leaves its shade ;
 " While all the surface else, by tempests torn,
 " Heaves in dark tumult, restless and forlorn !
 " Then chide no more that tears thus ceaseless flow—
 " That thus I riot in excess of woe,
 " For some fond memory brightens every tear,
 " Like rain drops falling in the sunshine clear ! "

V.

Ah ! could the abbess, grave as was the offence,
 Unkind reprove such touching eloquence ?
 Her tearful, pitying eye and mournful look
 Far more than language to the maiden spoke,
 And seemed to say, her melting heart appealed
 From the stern sentence that Religion sealed.
 Slowly she traced alone her sorrowing way
 Back towards the convent—why doth Zilia stay ?
 She wandered lone and mournful to the shore,
 Where the grey cliff projects its summit o'er
 The dark blue sea, and courts the storms of heaven,
 While at its feet are waves eternal driven !
 On the dark rock she sits enrobed in white,
 Like some pure snow wreath in the moon's pale light :
 Her veil removed, the night breeze in her hair,
 Wantoned and spread her clustering ringlets fair,

Over her neck and cheek, whose paleness seemed
 To rival that with which the pure moon gleamed;
 And as her large eye darkly glanced to view,
 Her face bore still a paler, heavenlier hue:
 Yet 'twas of that surpassing loveliness,
 Which thought may fancy, but words ne'er express:
 Like the embodied beauty of the mind,
 Whose fainter impress lives in human kind:
 Or like an angel's just descended now,
 With heaven's own splendor shining on her brow!
 On the rude rock her form of light she leaned,
 Her flowing hair her snow white fingers screened,
 And the dark ringlets, curling round her arms,
 With fond embraces, shrouded half her charms!
 She gazed upon the wildly tossing deep,
 With eye almost as restless in its sweep,
 Till soon a dark mass fixed her wandering sight,
 Across the moonbeam's quivering path of light.
 She watched the unusual form—'twas the xebecque—
 And as she gazed, ah, little did she reckon,
 The deep concernment it to her must be—
 The very crisis of her destiny!
 Anxious, oppressed with boding fear, she strained
 Her racking sight, until her fancy feigned,
 While rocked the fearful vessel on the deep,
 She saw its banner in the night breeze sweep,
 Marked darkening forms diminished to a speck,
 Move to and fro upon its heaving deck,
 And heard the hoarse wind 'mid the tackling groan,
 Chilling the heart with its appalling moan!
 Ha! sees she right? Emerging from the shade,
 Into the path the trembling moonbeams made,
 What form was that, upon the silver sheen,
 To sink and rise with the tossed waves was seen,
 Now bathed all hidden in the liquid light,
 Now fitful glancing darkly to the sight,
 As when the lessening eagle mounts the sky,
 His form now fades, now strikes again the eye?
 At first it slowly struggles o'er the sea,

As a star's strife 'mong whelming clouds might be;
Then as the craggy, echoing coast it nears,
It moves more swiftly, more distinct appears,
While beams that from bright glittering corslets glare,
Proclaim a band in arms advancing there!
The fitful breezes on their pinions bring,
The splash of oars and voices murmuring;
The boat leaps like a courser near his home,
Leaving along its wake a track of foam;
Grates the keel hoarsely on the furrowed sand,
And bounds a rich clad warrior on the strand!
Up the steep crag he springs with fearful haste,
Unheeding where his hurrying footsteps pressed—
Beneath his tread the fragments loose give way,
Roll down the side and mingle with the spray.
Reckless he onward, upward, still doth urge
His fearless course, till on the cliff's high verge,
He mounts, just as the flying Zilia passed,
Like a young fawn by thirsty blood hound chased!
"Zilia—oh Zilia, stay!"—the imploring sound,
Whose faltering tones the rocks re-echo round.
She heard, turned, shrieked, and his extended arms
Clasped the rich treasure of her senseless charms!
Cast back, her head sunk on his heart which throbbed,
E'en through the steel which his broad breast enrobed;
One pearl yet trembling in her close shut eye,
Rolled down her cheek, nor stained its marble die!
Had her young spirit ta'en its flight divine
Upon that breast, its altar and its shrine?
Soon a slight flush upon her temples burned,
Showing life had to its loved home returned:
As the faint streaks of light at early dawn,
Announce the gloomy sway of night withdrawn.
Then with convulsive sobs again she clung,
Where each thought centered, whence each blessing sprung,
While on his corselet heaved her panting breast,
Caressing wildly, fondly and caressed,
And her lip quivered in its thrilling bliss,
With broken sighs, upon her lover's kiss!

VI.

“Thou’rt come at last, my long lost Bernadin!
“Too long unmindful of my ceaseless pain!
“What! could’st thou not, while wandering blest and free,
“Have given one sigh to slavery’s pangs and me?
“One thought for all that racked my aching head—
“One tear for all the thousands I have shed—
“One memory of the dear, the unhappy past,
“That o’er thy mind serene its shadow cast?
“But why should I thy happier lot regret,
“If thou hast known the blessing to forget!”

VII.

“Forget my Zilia! sure, thou mock’st the joy,
“Whose throbs now all my bursting heart employ,
“Urged by the impulse that thine image gives,
“Which linked with being there unfading lives!
“The nightly vigils and the days of care,
“The wreck of hope, the gnawing of despair,
“That cursed each change of purpose, place or hour,
“And on my brow stamped signets of their power,
“Might in a heart such gentleness that bore,
“Disarm reproach and ask thy pity more!
“Where’er I roamed, whatever chance befell,
“I felt one only talismanic spell;
“And spite of cares and duties that confined,
“Gave to one loved idea all my mind:
“Which in my loneliest hour—my gloomiest mood,
“Lent charms more sacred for their solitude:
“For bursting then the chains of destiny,
“My loosened soul with rapture sprang to thee!
“In that sweet dream of joy my present grief,
“Could find forgetfulness, if not relief;
“Yet the fond picture that my fancy made,
“With all its sunshine had its share of shade:
“Dream as I would and wander where I might,
“I could not banish those sad hues from sight.
“What bootied it to think upon the past,
“Those sunny hours so soon with gloom o’ercast,

“While the same hand that drew my brief delight,
“In more true colors showed that fatal night!
“What bootéd it if on the bounding sea,
“I roamed, impelled by thoughts as wildly free,
“Whilst the sad consciousness oppressed my mind,
“That my loved Zilia in a cloister pined?
“To solitudes what bootéd it to fly,
“From scorn or pity or too curious eye,
“And ’mid wide dazzling wastes or darkening rocks,
“Tracked but by nameless streams and foldless flocks,
“Say to my soul, here man and crime are not,
“While memory darkened with our own dread lot?
“What bootéd it mine eyes in sleep to seal,
“While fancy then thine image would reveal,
“Hear thy loved voice in storms that hoarsely sweep,
“With hollow moanings o’er the heaving deep,
“While the fierce lightnings quiver round thy head,
“Thine out-stretched arms implore in vain mine aid,
“Till round thy form the clouds in darkness close,
“Or the waves overwhelm it in their drear repose!
“What’er I did, where’er my course might be,
“I could not—did not seek to fly from thee!”

VIII.

“Forgive—forgive, my Bernadin!—I knew,
“Thy heart thro’ every change must still be true,
“But tell me all the history of thy woes—
“The perils past—the plans thy hopes disclose—
“In fields of fame what laurels thou hast gained—
“For sure thy noble spirit hath disdained
“To follow ought but glory’s trumpet call,
“At any shrine but Virtue’s e’er to fall!
“The same high purpose, the same generous pride,
“Which swelled each current of thy bosom’s tide,
“When my young heart first knew the thrilling sense
“To consecrate to thee its innocence,
“Must have impelled thee still in every deed,
“To seek thy happiness in Honor’s meed.
“These weeds of glory and yon vessel’s trust,

“Bespeak that Venice is not all unjust;
“And might I judge from marks thy features wear,
“Thy brave desert the exalted prize did bear.
“How swells my heart at thy fair fame with pride!
“But why dost turn from my fond gaze aside?
“Thou needst not blush at simple praise like mine,
“When to the world’s applause thine ears incline!”

IX.

“My life, ’tis true hath some renown obtained,
“Though most might deem it better lost than gained.
“Zilia, thou hast not known the world I find;
“The cloister’s habits have so wrought thy mind,
“That the dark picture of its fearful tale,
“Where all its gloomy colors should prevail—
“Showing mad Passion that with hydra fangs
“Goads all around but most himself with pangs—
“Mild Virtue struggling with her stormy fate,
“Cheerful in woe, resigned though desolate—
“Ambition driving fierce his headlong car,
“War in his van and tracked by Famine far,
“While Danger thick his snares ’mid darkness spreads,
“And Death’s pale horse o’er all in terror treads—
“Might shock thine unused eyes—thy gentle soul—
“Ah, ask not now—too soon thou’lt know the whole!”

X.

“Ah Bernadin! this mystery—means it well?
“Thou spok’st not thus when first I heard thee dwell,
“With tongue all rapture and with soul all flame,
“On Venice’ glory and her heroes’ fame—
“Vow if she gave thee e’er to wield her sword,
“No richer treasure could her power afford:
“And wish thou then couldst launch with hopes so free,
“Thy longing bark upon life’s joyous sea!
“How beautiful is that young fervent zeal,
“When soars the spirit, and the heart can feel;
“While the Promethean flame, yet pure and bright,
“Glows with its own clear Heaven-descended light,

“ Undimmed by contact with the damps below,
“ The storms of passion and the clouds of woe!
“ Oh, why this change! But first, thy purpose here—
“ Why brave the dangers of this place of fear?
“ Know’st not Toraldi is assigned this post,
“ To guard from Pirates that infest the coast?”
“ Toraldi! well—but for the daughter, dread
“ Were needed more for his own stubborn head.
“ My Zilia! our young feelings run to waste
“ Sadly, soon as they meet with life’s rude blast;
“ And the few hearts that nature made to feel,
“ Round which she taught each holier thought to steal,
“ Are like oases o’er a desert strewn,
“ Cheering the dreary solitude alone;
“ While oft the sand-storms o’er their freshness urge,
“ Ere they have vigor to resist the surge!
“ Zilia! it deeply grieves and rends my heart,
“ What to conceal I’d scorn to thee to impart;
“ For gentleness like thine but ill can brook
“ With calmness on the appalling truth to look.
“ Yet thou must know, that he who once was loved
“ For what he to thy glowing fancy proved,
“ Who won thy guileless heart by generous zeal,
“ He then for virtue, honor, fame, could feel,
“ Who asks thee now in this banned bark to roam—
“ Yes—he hath in his madness strong, become
“ A corsair!—Start not—shrink not thus, but hear
“ All that has urged me to this course of fear.
“ Repulsed with insult, driven like a Jew,
“ From the proud house mine own quite equalled too;
“ Thy love from me as from an upas torn—
“ All—all for thy sake still I might have borne;
“ But that to private, public wrongs were joined,
“ And burst the ties that bound me to mankind.
“ As thou had’st thought, my spirit still unquelled,
“ Was soon in glory’s high career impelled,
“ Though the bright path was shadowed o’er with grief,
“ And cypress mingled with the laurel wreath.
“ I fondly hoped I might achieve some deed,

“Would thrill thy heart as worthy of its meed.
“I joined the wars did then the state divide,
“As thou may’st guess, not on thy father’s side;
“And in the furious contest, had we met,
“That might have happened I might now regret.
“Eager for fame and desperate from my griefs,
“My daring deeds shamed many nobler chiefs;
“And Envy, that at my young glory burned,
“All my high service to my ruin turned:—
“My country’s gratitude and my reward,
“The Lion of St. Mark was left to guard! *
“Banished my country for no crime but zeal
“And merit, others could too keenly feel;
“Rejected in my love from causeless hate,
“Which for a daughter’s peace could not abate;
“Reduced to want, my soul still proud and free,
“I followed on my reckless destiny:
“Some comrades found whose fate like mine was dark,
“With daring spirits manned yon gallant bark,
“And sought that home, that glory on the deep,
“Which on the land the worthless still may keep!
“If, now, my Zilia, thou’lt my vessel share,
“And shed the sunshine of thy beauty there,
“Thou’lt find that joy, that peace upon the main,
“Like the ark’s dove thou’st elsewhere sought in vain.
“Unwearied love thine innocence shall guard,
“Avert each danger, every insult ward;
“Forego my own, anticipate thy want,
“Nor e’er with discontent thy meekness taunt;
“Soothe every pain, in sickness vigils keep,
“And deem it transport to watch o’er thy sleep;
“With that stern look the rudest gaze disarms,
“Bend every eye before thy blushing charms;
“And if so pure, so precious burden bless
“My bark, the storms will surely toss it less,

* Alluding to a custom of the Venetian government, of putting its edicts of banishment of public offenders in the mouth of a statue of a lion in St. Mark’s Place.

"And while it bears my lovely, blooming bride,
 "The gentlest waves will ever kiss its side!
 "Nay—droop not thus—thou leav'st the blighting shade,
 "Where moulds the ruin that its gloom hath made.
 "Behold beneath, on yonder winding beach,
 "So far the dizzy eye can scarcely reach,
 "Where my brave boat waits rocking on the sand,
 "Merrily to waft us from this hated land!—
 "Come—I will show it thee—and down this cliff,
 "Which hangs so awful o'er the puny skiff,
 "I'll leap with thee as safe from crag to crag,
 "As o'er its rude rocks bounds the instinctive stag!
 "Nay, struggle not—would'st thou not fly from here?—
 "Sure some restraint—away with idle fear!"
 "Unloose me Bernadin!" she bursts his arms,
 So closely clasped around her struggling charms,
 Springs with one bound upon the topmost steep,
 High o'er the vexed and sullen plunging deep,
 Till shakes the fartherest crag beneath her foot,
 And o'er the frightful brink her white robes float!
 "Sooner than share an outlaw's crime, my grave
 "Shall be yon darkly, coldly heaving wave,
 "When shrouded in its pure white foam, more blest
 "Than in such arms most tenderly caressed!
 "Ah, cease then, Bernadin, this suit to urge,
 "Or force me to the refuge of the surge!"
 "Hold! hold!—Oh, leave that fearful dizzy height!
 "I meant not—mean not, in thy will's despite,
 "To press my purpose—there thou'rt safer here—
 "Misdoubting maid! thou need'st no longer fear!"

XI.

"Oh, Bernadin! thou—*thou* descend so low,
 "To seek in crime the refuge of thy woe!
 "I would have vowed the sun as soon had ceased
 "To shine, because around him clouds had pressed.
 "Yet—yet—'tis not too late, if thou'lt incline
 "Fervent again to kneel at virtue's shrine;
 "The throbs of joy again may stir thy heart,

“Peace to thy pillow still a charm impart.
“We’ll fly the world to some sequestered bower,
“Where hope and gladness round their blessings shower,
“Scattering beneath the footsteps of old Time,
“Each rich delight and flowers of every clime.
“My charming task shall be, at earliest morn,
“To weave the fairest wreath thy brow to adorn:
“To cull the blossoms in thy path to strew,
“Of richest fragrance and of brightest hue:
“To range the mountain heath to gather there
“For thy repast, the choicest fruits they bear:
“Sigh when thou’rt absent, smile on thy return,
“Each wandering thought make thee its faithful bourne:
“And both shall be more loved and blessed each day,
“While round the heart love’s memories clustering play,
“As each bright hour still thickens round the stem
“The opening flowers that its deep verdure gem!
“Come—come, my Bernadin! forsake yon horde,
“Who slight communion can thy soul afford:
“These convent bars, these vows imposed by threats,
“These weeds, shall—broken—left—cause no regrets;
“I’ll fly with thee to earth’s remotest bound,
“So that in Virtue’s path thou still art found!”

XII.

“Zilia! I’ve sworn with them to live—to die—
“And shall I heap my crimes with perjury?
“When to our arms success first gave a prey,
“All drunk with blood our gory swords we lay
“Across, and by that sign, life—all—we swore
“To pledge each to the other evermore!
“This oath lies on my soul with awful weight,
“E’en should I try to change my wayward fate.
“Besides ’tis purposed e’en this very night,
“Our crimson flag to unfurl on yonder height:
“And to the lust of booty and of blood,
“This coast must fall a prey by force subdued;
“And e’en thy father, if ’tis he commands
“The band here sent to stay our pirate hands,

"Must be a victim, if my threats, my prayers
 "Can place no barrier to this rage of theirs!"
 "Go—go, and save his wintry locks—for all
 "That his last curse on my head may not fall!
 "But stay—first swear thou wilt return to me,
 "And be no more crime's blood-stained votary!
 "There is a wave now rushing to the shore,
 "Whose crown of foam the moonbeams silver o'er;
 "Ere it shall cast that foam upon the sand,
 "Be thou resolved—and let thy purpose stand!"
 The corsair watched the proudly swelling wave,
 That seemed scarce less than his own breast to heave,
 Till, when it broke with its familiar roar,
 All lashed to spray upon the echoing shore,
 The long loved sound of his own element,
 A stirring thrill through his roused bosom sent;
 And as that wave all shivered on the rock,
 So love all melted in his passions' shock—
 That love which in his heart once held such sway,
 Before stern habit all dissolved away!

XIII.

"The surf is broke!—thou hast not sworn—farewell!
 "If yet on aught but crime thy pillow dwell,
 "Still may'st thou change, and when such change shall
 come,
 "Zilia shall share it then whate'er thy doom!"
 Sadly she turned from the unconscious chief,
 His breast still struggling, and o'erwhelmed with grief—
 Nor roused he till 'mid rocks and shades of night,
 Her fluttering robe quite vanished from the sight.
 "One moment stay!—Oh, she is gone!"—Oppressed
 And faint, he sunk upon the rock, and pressed
 His stern brow in its burning agony,
 With his strong hand, as if it riven might be!
 He rose at length and slowly sought the beach,
 Where his impatient friends his stay impeach.

END OF CANTO II.

c*

ZILIA.

CANTO III.

I.

Beneath yon castle's walls, whose banner sweeps
Loose in the moonbeam, that as calmly sleeps
Upon its towering form and gloomy brow,
As on the storm the various tintured bow,
How beautifully the pavilions bright,
Sprinkle the dark plain with soft gleams of light,
Like silvery clouds that o'er the sky's deep blue,
Their scattered spots of heavenly brightness strew!
How deep the stillness of such midnight scenes,
To whose soft harmony woo'd evening leans,
With ear more ravished than to tones that rise,
In soothing murmurs, when the daylight dies,
'Midst all the luxury of gorgeous hues,
And music that from earth its spirit woos!
The footsteps of the drowsy sentinel,
With measured tread upon the stillness fell;
The watchdog's bark, upon the distant night,
Echoed with faint rebound from height to height:
Old Ocean's roar came fitful from the west,
E'en by such nights as this not hushed to rest:
But while the earth in the calm starlight sleeps,
He o'er his moaning caves unwearied sweeps,
But the hoarse voice of his unceasing swell,

Softened, upon those fair pavilions fell,
Where human passions, e'en more restless still,
Slumber, nor agitate or good or ill.

II.

What light form glides beneath the castle wall,
Where its broad lengthening shadows darkest fall,
Seeming to wish the guard to pass unseen,
Protected by its deep, o'ershadowing screen?
A shepherd's garb his tender limbs enfold,
A shepherd's crook his slender fingers hold:
No hue embrowned, no down upon the cheek,
As yet of manhood's near approaches speak:
And round his neck the ringlets dark that curl,
Might well excite the envy of a girl!
Light as thy step, frail as thy form may be,
Vain the attempt to elude the guard's keen eye,
Fair boy! for he did mark thee long before
Thy footsteps found the shade, or left the moor.
"Stand!—who goes there!" the voice that loud assailed,
Though at its accents slight the stripling quailed;
For though his trembling limbs could scarce sustain
His fragile frame, 'twas not from fear 'twas plain:
For answer quick he made—"I come to see
"The Count, upon a pressing embassy,
"That deep concerns his weal—perchance his life—
"Show me his presence nor hold useless strife."
"Say'st so? Follow where I shall lead the way,
"The peril yours that this be true you say."

III.

"To night the pirates say'st thou, boy, will land?"
"This very night to make descent 'tis planned.
"While tended I my flocks on yonder shore,
"Last eve, a warlike vessel swiftly bore
"Towards the coast, and anchored in the bay—
"A stranger sight scarce seen for many a day.
"At night a boat shot briskly from its side,
"Filled with armed men, and bounded o'er the tide:

“And when they leaped upon the rock-bound shore,
“They seemed with eager search around to explore.
“Hid by the sheltering rocks, I heard them lay
“Plan of debarkment, plunder and foray.”

IV.

“What, ho! without there—call to arms!
“Quick rouse the slumbering chiefs and spread the alarms!
“Thy name, boy?”

“Flodoardo.”

“Lend thine aid,

“To my old frame to fit this steel—this blade—
“Thy hand is like a maiden’s, boy, how fair!—
“Thou hast not been much used to toils of war;
“But thou art ready—thou shalt be my page;
“Thy kindnesses may soothe my sorrowing age.
“I once had hoped—how fondly, idly dream
“Parents, when their own offspring is the theme—
“A daughter such kind service would have done—
“Have smoothed my couch of pain, and gently won
“Half of the sorrow from my aching breast,
“And watched in her fond arms my final rest!
“Her beauty—Ha! methinks I seem to trace
“Some slight resemblance in thy youthful face,
“But that this paleness on thy cheek appears
“Unlike her bloom—strange to thy tender years!
“Her mother’s image dwelt in her, enshrined
“With every charm I loved of form and mind;
“And while that mother lived, the rushing tide
“Of both our hearts gushed towards that child with pride,
“And blending there while innocent as yet,
“As in a fount of pure, sweet waters met.
“When that soft soother of my breast was gone,
“Its storms were hushed by Zilia’s gentle tone.
“So like her mother did she seem to be,
“I centered there my soul’s idolatry:
“But, boy! beware, and trust not what you love,
“For your affections may all daggers prove;
“Each fond attachment round an idol twined,

"Each charm there fancied by the doting mind,
 "But adds more poison to the fatal dart,
 "That soon must drink the life-blood of the heart!
 "For mine, Death quenched his fiery shaft on one;
 "The other, Shame to his embraces won!
 "Thou tremblest, boy! do'st dread the approaching fight?
 "Thou need'st not leave these castle walls to-night."
 "Oh no—I'd die for thee, and if this arm
 "Could, in its feebleness, shield thee from harm;
 "If my heart's blood could wash away thy woe,
 "'Twould be delight to see its current flow!"

V.

Such zeal Toraldi deemed in one but known
 So late, as strange, and of too boastful tone;
 But a mysterious influence seemed to dwell
 Around the youth, and bound him in its spell.
 The graceful page attention mute bestowed
 To each command that from Toraldi flowed.
 The ponderous steel he fitted to his form,
 So soon to meet the hurtling iron storm;
 Upon the warrior's arm he draws the glove,
 Almost too much for his frail strength to move:
 Why, as his eyes glance on a sparkling ring,
 Do trembling tears from their fringed barriers spring?
 He lifts his hand the corslet bright to close
 O'er the chief's breast—why, when its folds disclose
 A portrait pendant there, thus sinks he back,
 Trembling, aghast, and staggering in his track,
 With hand close pressing on his tearful eye,
 As if o'erwhelmed with mental agony!
 Toraldi marked his agitated mien,
 And thought he dreaded still the approaching scene:
 He spoke some words of kind encouragement,
 But they like daggers to the boy's heart went:
 Each soothing accent of the aged chief,
 But gave fresh poignancy to all his grief;
 Till, his full heart in its bewilderment,
 Yielding to generous sympathies there pent,

He seized and kissed Toraldi's hand, o'erpowered,
All his soul gushing with the tears he showered!

VI.

Silent that night the preparations dire,
Unbeat the drum and unawaked the fire:
Nought but a fearful whispering went round,
Startling the warriors from their slumber sound;
Yet awful did that whispered voice appear,
Uttered from hurried lips—"The foe is near!"
Soon 'neath the moonbeams, gathered on the plain,
Prompt, silent, dark, extends the lengthening train,
Their armor glancing, like a stream of light,
Upon the thunder-burdened cloud of night.
Onward they pressed, with almost noiseless tread,
O'er paths that soon must fatten with their dead—
O'er the same sod must drink the blood that night,
Of many a gallant heart with step so light—
'Neath the same moon that many a corse shall view,
Ere morn, more wan than her own pallid hue!
Ye eagles! who have never fleshed your beaks
On human carcase, 'mong these quiet peaks,
Prepare ye, for a banquet here to-night,
Shall glut your maws with an unused delight!
Sate, wolves! to-night your vengeance to the full,
For your white teeth shall peal the human skull!
Ye vultures! quickly plume your eager wings,
And hasten to the feast this dire night brings;
Ye worms! prepare to hollow out your dome,
Where man's proud spirit claims a transient home!
How humbling to his pride the thought should be,
That man, who holds o'er all stern mastery,
Should, forced at last to yield his boasted sway,
To the most worthless fall himself a prey!

VII.

Proceeding on in silence deep awhile,
They come at length where winds a long defile,
Stretching its chasm of darkness towards the beach,

So far no eye could through its horrors reach :
Above, o'erhanging rocks so lofty rise,
The eagles there build nests in their own skies;
Around, as boundless seemed the unearthly gloom
As if 'twere nature's own selected tomb!
Toraldi plunged along the fearful way,
Known by tall plumes that o'er his forehead play;
A long, dark train in order mute behind,
Along the devious mountain pathway wind,
Till midway down the serpentine defile,
They halt and haste to execute their wile.
Behind a ridge—a natural redoubt,
That stretched its bulwark far, beside the route,
A chosen band all hidden from the view,
Were placed, with carbines ranged in order true,
So each might touch unseen the passers by,
With their stern mouths, so fraught with destiny!
Beyond, upon a crag's projecting brow,
A peasant band an awful vengeance vow,
Each holding poised a huge rock o'er the path,
At beck, to roll down its suspended wrath!

VIII.

A death-like stillness reigns through the ravine—
No breathing heard, no moving object seen;
Scarce breeze enough the aspen leaf to move—
So shut that vale from all the world above;
And scarce the struggling moonbeam found its way,
Around the top of some rude rock to play,
And visit, with its calm suffusing rays,
The lone grave, if chance there should any raise:
But yet enough of wandering beams were cast,
The face to show on levelled carbine placed,
And on the cheek that livid hue disclose,
Stamped by deep thirst for vengeance on his foes!—
To mark the anxious, ghastly, feverish glance
That eager watched the coming foes' advance—
The sinking sense that choked the heaving breast,
So fearfully with deep suspense oppressed—

The sudden start at each imagined sound—
The doubting ear thrust quick upon the ground!
Hark! Is't the tread of men assails the ear,
With those low hollow, distant sounds of fear,
Like the first murmurs, far upon the deep,
Of winds and waves that soon shall nearer sweep?
Presses each ear still closer to the rock—
It is the foe! Prepare ye for the shock!

IX.

The pirates, unsuspecting any wile,
Enter with silent train the long defile;
And as they wind in order close, below,
The rays that on their glittering armor glow,
Leave a meandering silver stream of light,
Upon the forest thickened gloom of night.
The foremost chief is in the ambuscade,
With all his followers close behind arrayed:
All now have entered in the fearful pass—
When loosened from their thongs, the impending mass
Of mountain rocks leaps down with awful crash,
Like dogs of war let slip from bursting leash!
At the same moment one long sheet of fire,
Wrapped in its blaze that vale, as if a pyre!
One half the corsair troop have bit the earth,
Indignant that she gave such monsters birth;
The other half, were not the foe unseen,
A match at least in numbers still had been.
Whence Death came forth, with such tremendous sweep
Of his dark wing, where nature seemed to sleep
So calm, they knew not—but to avoid the shock,
Some sought the shelter of a friendly rock;
But most before the peril scorned to shrink,
And rushed with levelled carbines towards the brink
Of the ambuscade, when with a sudden yell,
Echoing redoubled horrors through the dell,
The hidden band, with weapons ready, bound
Upon the pathway from behind the mound!
There was a moment's pause as if of awe,

As at few paces each his foeman saw;
Then burst again that sheet of flame so bright,
Bathing the rocks around with lurid light!
The unharmed rush on, their bare blades brandishing:
And, closing in each other's toils, some cling
In hug of death, their sabres on the ground—
Some parry—thrust—to avoid or give the wound;
Shouts, groans and clanging arms commingle round!
With voice unfaltering, rising o'er the din,
Speaking the active, dauntless soul within,
Aiding the pressed and animating all,
Where'er his steel strikes or his accents fall,
Along the ranks Toraldi's lofty form
Careered, the guiding spirit of the storm!
Close by his side was Flodoardo seen,
Nor his slight form from danger sought to screen.
Full many a shaft he sped in time to save
Toraldi's life, from carbine and from glave.
He hovered like a guardian spirit round,
To avert each danger, seek each threatened wound,
Impending o'er the rash Toraldi's life,
When hurried to the thickest of the strife.
Ah, why so reckless of that fragile frame,
Too weak for battle!—Did he burn for fame?
Or what strong impulse urges him to brave
The war's grim perils and an early grave?
Why, wheresoe'er the chance of battle flings,
Still to the hoary Chieftain's side he clings;
Mounts towering cliff, or plunges down ravine,
Pursuing or pursued, where foes are seen,
As if fatigue could ne'er his limbs assail,
Or danger make his generous spirit quail?
Thick round the Chief the pirate foes advance,
Shake the bright steel and hurl the quivering lance;
While he with lusty sinews thrusts around;
Clove by his steel full many bite the ground;
When one, observing his averted eye,
Behind him waved his flaring brand on high,
And the page rushed to ward the impending steel,

But its driven weight himself was doomed to feel !
 He fell on earth beneath Toraldi's feet—
 Beheld *him* safe—then seemed with joy to greet
 A fate, that screened with his a dearer life,
 From that dire peril of the deathful strife !

X.

Fast thinned the corsair ranks, but still they fought,
 As if by deep despair to frenzy wrought;
 Man closed with man, to drink of blood his fill;
 The dying with the dying grappled still,
 And the last struggle of their agony,
 But seemed the last, too, of revenge to be !
 But why the tale of carnage o'er repeat,
 Or paint the feast men spread for worms to eat ?
 Why speak of blood, oft lavished on the soil,
 But to reward the peasant more for toil ?
 Of bones, that whiten on from age to age,
 To raise a wonder or adorn a page ?

XI.

Slow curled the smoke above the battle field,
 And all its bloody horrors stood revealed.
 Supported by a tree 'neath which he leaned,
 From the dread scene around thus partly screened,
 Sat Flodoardo languishing and faint,
 Though from his lips escaped there no complaint.
 The blood was welling from his side and threw
 A dark stain o'er his locks' bright sunny hue:
 And with his scarf he stanch'd the gory gush,
 That trickling down his cheek was seen to rush.
 Staggering he rose to leave the crimsoned grot—
 A grasp of iron fixed him to the spot !*
 He turned and met a corsair's frantic look,
 Who o'er his head a gory poignard shook !

* Some of the incidents that follow, were suggested by an animated story which appeared in some periodical several years ago, containing a vivid description of the destruction of a band of Algerine pirates and their vessel, off the coast of Italy.

What bootèd it to such stern brow to kneel—
 To ask such savage, hardened heart to feel?
 What skilled it to invoke the patron saint
 Or holy Virgin? Such prayers sound but faint
 In ears that ocean's tempests cannot quail,
 And shrieks of torture with delight assail!
 The fair boy raised his last imploring glance,
 Saw the bright falchion o'er his head advance,
 Felt 'mong his clustering ringlets a rough hand,
 Marked the eye measuring where to sheathe the brand,
 When bounds the wretch from earth with sudden spring,
 His face all black, convulsed and quivering—
 His eyeballs in their blood-red sockets glare,
 And his lips writhe and leave his white teeth bare!
 The falchion dropped from his relaxing hold—
 Blood gushing from his mouth in torrents rolled—
 He staggered—strove to fix himself again—
 Groaned—bounded forward—fell upon the plain!

XII.

"Ha! is he dead—the execrable fiend!
 "Whom such sweet looks as thine could not have weaned
 "From thirst of blood, thou fair haired boy! Look here—
 "Turn not away thy shuddering eyes in fear;
 "Rude as I am and used to battle's shock,
 "I would not on thy brow harm one bright lock!
 "I am these outlaws' chief—at look from me
 "They're fain to curb this lust of butchery:
 "At least I will protect *thee* and *one* more,
 "Or my best blood shall crimson this rude shore!"

XIII.

The corsair turned from the red field away,
 Aiding the fainting boy upon the way:
 And as he sought with quicker step the shore,
 His brow the marks of fierce impatience wore,
 When his keen eye sent o'er the boundless sea,
 Marked nothing break its vast monotony,
 And to his mellow bugle notes, around

Nought but the echo gave responsive sound !
 Could they—his followers—have fled and left
 Their chief behind, of every aid bereft ?
 On a projecting cliff he sprang again,
 And with his piercing vision swept the main ;
 And wound his horn yet louder than before—
 Still vain it struggles with the ocean's roar !
 But as its murmuring sweetness dies away,
 What flash darts o'er the wave a sudden day—
 What peal breaks on the ear across the deep,
 Coming redoubled in the breeze's sweep ?
 It is the signal gun, and they are gone,
 And he, their chief, is left on shore alone,
 To need that mercy he had oft denied,
 And bow to his much injured race his pride !
 In that one moment of keen agony,
 As thought burst on him what his fate must be—
 What death of infamy, or life of scorn,
 From human sympathy contemptuous torn—
 To be the jeer of those he'd injured most,
 Mocked for the threatened vengeance he had lost—
 All this rushed on his brain—and in the excess
 Of bitterness the proud alone can guess,
 Madly he cried, " Betray me boy ! thou'lt find
 " Toraldi to such high desert not blind !"
 " No--never ! Thou hast done at least one deed,
 " Should merit from my hand a different meed,
 " Howe'er thou may'st have sinned against thy race,
 " And lost in love--in honour thy proud place !"

XIV.

" Hark ! what another peal ! Along the deep
 " What mean these sounds from shore to shore that leap ?
 " Ha ! I perceive—beyond this curving bay,
 " See, where in dawning light those islands lay,
 " Yet in the purple dimness scarcely traced,
 " Though on yon peak a crown of light is placed,
 " How graceful bursts my vessel to the view,
 " O'er the wave glancing 'mong those islands blue !

"By heavens, it is pursued! The cross that waves
 "O'er the pursuers' sails betrays the knaves—
 "The base Maltese, whose cross is deeper stained
 "In blood, from innocence unpitying drained,
 "By their unblest hypocrisy, than e'er,
 "Was my red flag in all its mad career!
 "Ah, what ill luck! The winds are dying fast,
 "And leave the sails loose flapping round the mast,
 "And my fair vessel that I loved so well,
 "Whose gallant form aye made my bosom swell,
 "With thrill of rapture and with glow of pride,
 "Riding in graceful triumph o'er the tide,
 "Must to those dastards fall an easy prey,
 "Her crew half slaughtered and her lord away!
 "Would I were there—they'd ne'er again salute
 "Grand Master in their sunny Isle of Fruit!"

XV.

The calm increases and the pirates spread
 Their various colored shawls and scarfs o'erhead,
 On shroud and mast to catch the dying gale.—
 The gaudy plumage still cannot prevail!
 The vessel stands unmoved on the blue main,
 Like a pavilion on an azure plain,
 Towering a pile of every brilliant hue,
 The sunlight on the streaming canvass threw:
 And the red flag hung down the snow-white sail,
 Like a fresh stream of blood o'er beauty pale!
 The galley slow approached, and of the deep
 Awaked at intervals the tranquil sleep,
 With echoing gun, as if to try the way
 That lay between it and its destined prey:
 But the xebecque the warm salute denied
 Till the barks rode in contact side by side;
 As clouds high charged that darkly meet in heaven,
 Withhold their thunder till together driven;
 When the xebecque in one swift moment flings
 Off from her side her many colored wings,
 And free, stands forth majestic in the light,

Her decks dark frowning in array for fight !
A yell ascends, then bursts a storm of fire,
Rocking the bark with its exploding ire,
And almost lashing it from out the wave,
Which scarcely seemed the keel all bared to lave !

XVI.

The corsair rushed with a convulsive spring
To the sea's edge, his frame all quivering !
" Now let them board ! their scimitars may gain
" The victory their guns can ne'er obtain.
" Would I had wings to bear me to the fight !
" Oh, why am I denied this fierce delight !
" Oh, boy ! thou know'st not what a maddening bliss
" There is in moments so intense as this :
" When battle's din but strikes the excited ear,
" Chasing from hearts of steel the chill of fear,
" And the blood leaps as from a barrier burst,
" Where it had stopped in curdling awe at first !
" What an exulting sense absorbs the soul,
" All else subjecting to its wild control,
" Onward to rush upon advancing foes,
" While the lips shout and all the bosom glows :
" To strike the dastard and to spare the brave,
" And, though you fight to slay, rejoice to save ;
" Foremost amid the iron shower to assail,
" And see before you the dark phalanx quail ;
" Be first to break their ranks and cause their rout,
" And first to utter victory's thrilling shout !
" But see, my vessel is inferior far,
" And can maintain but an unequal war.
" They will dismantle her full soon—how fast
" Her sides are shivering in the iron blast !
" Gun after gun is hushed—the sails are torn,
" Like fleecy clouds before the blaze of morn,
" And the last mast is tottering o'er the tide,
" And blood in torrents gushes o'er her side !
" Oh my fair vessel, that hast been so true—
" My trophies—jewels—Zilia's picture too !—

“ Oh God ! all lost—and to that cursed race,
“ To be a show in Vallette’s market place !”
He gnashed his teeth and turned away his eye,
And grasped his forehead in his agony !

XVII.

The page looked on the scene of fearful strife,
To his young heart with such deep interest rife.
Sudden a column of dark vapor rose,
Seeming both vessels in its gloom to enclose;
Hung for a moment in deep blackness there,
Then burst into a broad and dark red glare,
Wreathing its mingled mass of smoke and flame
Round all that in its hellish influence came !—
And as it curled away upon the sky,
Beneath, a gulf of waters seemed to lie !
The stunning sound more dread than thunder crashed,
And on the sand both page and pirate dashed !

XVIII.

There is no sail in sight from Sestos’ shore ;
The sea is smooth as Doria’s marble floor ;
Nought but those islands on its bosom sleep
In calm repose, like children of the deep.
There’s a small cloud just fading from the view,
The sole dark spot that stains the sky’s deep blue ;
There is a blackened spar, that towards the beach,
Is floating now and soon the sand will reach ;
Can this be all that now remains of those
Brave vessels, that did there but now repose ?
There is a burnt disfigured corse that’s driven
On shore, its sides all plashed with blood and riven—
Can this be one that late with gallant mien,
Was on those vanished decks contending seen ?
There is a trunkless arm upon the sand—
Shook it but now the death defying brand ?
Would his own mother know yon shapeless heap,
Which once in her own bosom she did keep,
When ’neath the lemon tree in her bright Isle
She fed upon his cheek and caught his smile ?

XIX.

The corsair gazed a moment on a corse,
That grasped a match with all a death gripe's force.
His eye exulted as he loudly cried,
"Ha! thou'st been true, thou brave son of the tide!
"Thou hadst a corsair's heart—a corsair's pride!
"Thou did'st prefer with one brief pang thy soul
"Should burst the precincts of the clay's control,
"Than it should linger out an hour of shame,
"To end its torments 'mid a mob's acclaim!
" 'Tis over now—would I were blest as thee,
"Free from the dread of public infamy!
"Ha! I should know this face—'tis he!—
"Giaffir!—full well he merits thus to be.
"Last night I marked a gloom upon his brow,
"That seemed some dark thought working there to avow;
"And, when I would from this descent dissuade,
"His look his secret mutiny betrayed.
"I overheard his plan to rise last night,
"To wrest my sceptre with his brutal might;
"And in the tragedy 'twas this fiend's part
"To sheathe his dagger in his best friend's heart,
"Which had ope'd frankly to him just before
"Of hoarded secrets its most precious store!
"He had some followers whom I had restrained
"Too much in thirst of blood that in them reigned:
"And others, whose wild spirits brooked no sway,
"But what their will could change from day to day.
"Here then foul food for birds of prey lies he,
"The brain—the front of the conspiracy!
"But there was not 'mong all my roving band,
"A bolder spirit or a keener hand;
"Nor one with whom my own proud heart would deign
"So much of equal courtesy maintain.
"All have their madness—fame, or love or power,
"Which will intoxicate its transient hour,
"Then leave the brain a prey to wild despair
"That, ere the worm, must have his banquet there!
"His was to command—and in these times,

“Than this there sure may be far greater crimes;
“Proud was he too—I may have touched that pride,
“And slight or insult he could ill abide.
“There is a tale about that worthless heap,
“Might make a young boy sigh or woman weep.
“He loved some maid, in Venice, I believe,
“For slight account did he to any give,
“And either she smiled not upon his flame,
“Or parent frowned, or feud between them came:
“Maddened with rage he placed beneath his ban
“And doomed to vengeance all the race of man:
“Friends—name—and country off with fury hurled—
“Became the scourge---the mockery of the world!
“He joined me, for our fate was somewhat like,
“To roam together and together strike;
“To vent our common bitterness of hate,
“And our unshackled souls with vengeance sate!
“This tear, boy—’tis the first I’ve brushed away
“For many a sleepless night and weary day—
“Warns me to leave him here were far from kind—
“They’ll gibbet him before abused mankind!
“Come--we’ll just hide him ’neath this shaded turf,
“Though he’d no doubt prefer the swelling surf—
“Why shrink’st thou so boy? Aught behold’st thou here
“In this stern face, that chills thy heart with fear
“And makes thee shudder, more than others round,
“Whose scorched and mangled limbs deform the ground?
“Sure thou’rt more ill with loss of blood, that now
“This sudden paleness overspreads thy brow!
“Well--o’er him I alone will cast the mould,
“While scarce the blood is stanch’d or limbs are cold;
“And here, perchance, he will as sweetly sleep,
“As ’neath the blue wave of his own loved deep,
“And, though we say no mass above his tomb,
“His peace may be as sure, as mild his doom,
“As if a Cardinal himself should chant
“The requiem o’er this his final haunt!
“These shrubs and sea weeds will the new made grave
“From eyes though hasty still too curious, save,

“ There let him rest—And, boy! if ever Love,
 “ Power, or Ambition thy young spirit move,
 “ Remember him who tenants this rude grave,
 “ Who to their loose reins all his bosom gave!
 “ Who might of Love’s most sparkling bowl have quaffed,
 “ Had he but spared the intoxicating draught;
 “ For whom Fame held in store her proudest crown,
 “ But that too eagerly he snatched it down;
 “ Who might have blessed his country and his home,
 “ Too happy e’er to wish from thence to roam,
 “ If Passion ne’er had driven him to despair,
 “ And snapped the cord might sweetly bind him there!
 “ Giaffir! a comrade gives thee o’er thy bier,
 “ One boon—perhaps his only honest one—a tear!
 “ Here lies—thus may my epitaph impart—
 “ An erring judgment, but a lion’s heart!

XX.

Slowly and sadly up the shore they came,
 Scarce conscious where they went or what their aim,
 Though the page urged the unwilling chief to fly
 The pressing perils that around him lie.
 They reach the height, and while they hesitate
 How to escape the snares that round them wait,
 The page’s keener eye perceives a band
 Of his pursuing enemies at hand.
 “ Oh, fly—fly Bernadin! the foe is near,
 “ And ’twill be death for thee to linger here!”

XXI.

“ Well—be it so! I’ve nought on earth to love—
 “ My vessel once could some kind feeling move,
 “ Since the rude storm that cast my early fate,
 “ On its sad refuge lone and desolate;
 “ That, too, is gone; and I am left alone—
 “ Abhorred—cursed by the world, and loved by none!
 “ Here will I die—but I will sell my life
 “ At such dear price that they shall rue the strife!
 “ Chains ne’er shall touch my arms, to drag me through

"The streets of Venice as a raree show!
 "Urge me no further, boy! here will I die!"
 "They come—they come—Oh, Bernadin! fly—fly!
 "They have not seen thee yet, and round yon height,
 "Concealed from view, thou may'st pursue thy flight.
 "Oh, thou movest not—perhaps my garment cheats—
 "Know'st not my voice? 'Tis Zilia asks--entreats!"
 "Zilia! That name hath o'er me still a power,
 "Even in this bitter, fallen, humbled hour!
 "But can it be? It rushes on me now—
 "That voice at first charmed me, I knew not how;
 "One kiss—my last--and I'll obey thee, then
 "Farewell! may not thy prayers be lost again!"

XXII.

He sprang from her, but all too late--the foe
 Had marked his corsair garb and seen him go;
 And hastening towards the shore, around they closed,
 Between him and the highland interposed.
 Caught in their toils the desperate chief they urge
 Close to the lofty shore's impending verge,
 Where with his back against a friendly rock,
 With sabre drawn, he stands to meet the shock!
 All that approached have fallen beneath his brand,
 And their best blood is welling on the sand;
 And while the rest a moment hesitate,
 To rush upon what seemed so certain fate,
 The chafed Toraldi his broad falchion drew,
 And sprang the haughty chieftain to subdue.
 Unknown each to the other, they were met,
 Foes, though each would have spared the other yet--
 Toraldi for the pity he would feel,
 And Bernadin for his loved Zilia's weal.
 But they were met, and death was on the die,
 Which must be cast, too, 'neath poor Zilia's eye!
 The corsair made a pass, but in the blood,
 He then less firm upon his foothold stood,
 And the count's weapon dashed his sabre down,
 But ere he could be foiled his arms were thrown

Around Toraldi's frame with iron grasp,
So close no struggle could unloose the clasp,
When with one bound he leaped from the high verge,
Grappling his foe, into the foaming surge!
As they plunged down, their death hug was so close
The crags they struck could not asunder loose:
But they sunk locked together in the wave,
Though foes in life, united in the grave!
Chafed like their spirits while in life, the deep
Shall heave forever o'er their tranquil sleep,
Unmarked the foam it lashes in its wrath,
Unheard the roar that thunders o'er its path!

XXIII.

Zilia the mournful, dark catastrophe,
To its last horrors was condemned to see.
She shrieked, and springing, on the earth she fell,
Unconscious thence till carried to her cell,
Blest with her watchful sisters' tender aid—
Her sex in spite of shepherd's garb betrayed.
Slow ebb'd the feverish frenzy of her brain,
Nor as she wont did she e'er smile again,
Or e'er again the perfect power could find,
To call back to its home the ethereal mind.
Oft when she passed a sister in the aisle,
With a wild look or melancholy smile
She would inquire if Bernadin had come,
Or how much longer o'er the seas he'd roam;
Then would she vow they kept him from her arms,
Because they envied her his manly charms.
Deep pity softened every sister's mind,
Each voice made soothing, every accent kind:
And, though it lent no balm, yet every tear
Made the poor wandering sister still more dear.
Oft would she stray to the rude rock where first
Her lover's form upon her vision burst,
Springing like roebuck up the dizzy height,
And glancing like a meteor on her sight;
And as below her dark eye wildly strayed,

She'd beckon to some shape her fancy made,
Sadly invoke by name her Bernadin,
Or blend some mournful song with ocean's din.
At vespers once was Zilia missed, nor there
Was she observed at early morning prayer;
In chapel or in cell she was not found,
Nor in the court nor 'mong the rocks around;
Nor did she ever in that convent more
Meet sister's kiss or breviary tell o'er!

XXIV.

Upon that eve—a peasant's is the tale—
A form was seen, clad in a snow-white veil,
Wandering along the shore near that dread spot,
Marked by her sire's and lover's fearful lot;
And as she stood upon the awful brink,
She looked round hurriedly, then seemed to sink.
Sudden from view, nor e'er again was seen,
Though swift the peasant hastened to the scene;
But when he came, he saw beneath the wave,
Too late for succor and too far to save,
A white robe struggling with the waters' might,
That whelmed it soon beneath their rushing night!
Stern fate within one common grave had laid
The sire, the lover, and too faithful maid!

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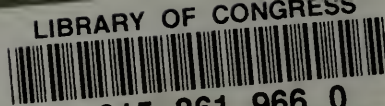
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